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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

BROKEN WINDOWS

BERKET AND THE STARS

A day on the boulevards chosen out of ten years of
Student poverty! One best day out of ten good ones.
Berket in high spirits—"Ha, oranges! Let's have one!"
And he made to snatch an orange from the vender's cart.

Now so clever was the deception, so nicely timed
To the full sweep of certain wave summits,
That the rumor of the thing has come down through
Three generations—which is relatively forever!

THE YOUNG LAUNDRYMAN

Ladies, I crave your indulgence for
My friend Wu Kee; young, agile, clear-eyed
And clean-limbed, his muscles ripple
Under the thin blue shirt; and his naked feet, in
Their straw sandals, lift at the heel, shift and
Find new postures continually.

Your husband's shirts to wash, please, for Wu Kee.

TIME THE HANGMAN

Poor old Abner, poor old white-haired nigger!
I remember when you were so strong
You hung yourself by a rope round the neck

William Carlos Williams

In Doc Hollister's barn to prove you could beat
The faker in the circus—and it didn't choke you.
Now your face is in your hands, and your elbows
Are on your knees, and you are silent and broken.

COMPLETE DESTRUCTION

It was an icy day.
We buried the cat,
Then took her box
And set match to it
In the back yard.
Those fleas that escaped
Earth and fire
Died by the cold.

THE POOR

By constantly tormenting them
With reminders of the lice in
Their children's hair, the
School physician first
Brought their hatred down on him.
But by this familiarity
They grew used to him, and so,
At last,
Took him for their friend and adviser.